

TON AND ANTIQUITY:

A Comedy,

4.

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE

L. D. F.

Long Ditton (Surrey) Theatre.

AND PERFORMED JANUARY 1st,

1798.

J. L.
-K

I swore I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gentle, chaste, and kind,
A form created in my mind,
And thought that form was you.

Oxford:

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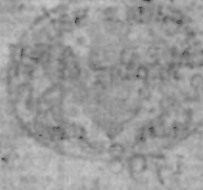
ION AND ANTIQUITY

2 CORINTH

IN TWO ACTS

BY J. H. W. B. W. B. W. B.

1877



TO

T. LANGLEY, ESQ.

SIR,

THE friendly assistance you have frequently given me, and, more particularly, that humor which you exerted on the representation of the following pages, aiding in the Christmas gambols of a company of school-boys, have not been unfelt by me. That they may no longer remain unacknowledged, permit me to subjoin myself,

Your very grateful

Humble Servant,

T. S.

Rev. Thomas Streatfeild.

T. LANGLEY, ESQ.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. MUMMY.

DR. CRYPT.

SIR CHARLES GAYMOUR.

SPLASHVILLE.

LORD ASCOT.

CAPTAIN PUNY.

THOMAS.

LADY NARCISSA.

EADBURGA.

PRINKUM.

TON AND ANTIQUITY;

A Comedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lady NARCISSA's Dressing Room.*

PRINKUM, *her Woman, dressing her Toilet.*

PRINKUM.

I DO now really think it is impossible that her ladyship can find any fault with my labor so far—tho', to say the truth, it is scarcely worth while to give myself any concern about it; for, if my good lady happens to be in luck, I'll say that for her, she is pleased with any thing—but out of it, if pharo hath emptied her purse, and perhaps crack'd her credit, (no very uncommon case with us) to say the truth, she is pleased 'with nothing; so that it amounts to pretty near the same thing, whether I give myself any trouble or no. (*Enter THOMAS.*) Fye, Thomas, why will you be so venturesome as to follow me up into my lady's dressing room, when you know you are always caught and always scolded.

Thomas. Why, faith, my dear Prinkum, when you are the goal I scorn all impediments. Or as greater politicians than ourselves agree, the ostensible reason is seldom the real one, so my grand aim, in attempting this hazardous enterprize,

enterprize, is to know your ideas of the Baronet that pays his devours to my lady.

Prinkum. I'm sure your first reason was quite sufficient, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas. But you know, Prinkum, we have liv'd upon the hope of my lady's marriage for these last two years; spare diet, late hours, and no wages, being small inducements to continue here.

Prinkum. Why then you won't have no inducement to stay here much longer, for I can see how matters go. Our young spark is too steady and discerning for my lady, and they never meet now, but they give oneanother a bone to pick.

Thomas. Why so I thought—I have not seen the complexion of his money for these last six weeks. But here they come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir CHARLES and Lady NARCISSE.

Sir Charles. Really, Narcissa, you went too far last night! Having honored my addressee with approbation, and being on the very eve of becoming my wife, you scruple not to allow of liberties in other young men, which hurt feminine delicacy, and are no slight affront offered to me. And what can be your justification of such inconsideracies? Forsooth! You fine girls may do any thing.

Lady N. La, Sir Charles, you are such an outré being! I go upon the system of treating others as they treat me. If a modest gentleman, with a dancing school bow, hopes my ladyship received no injury from last night's opera, I make as formal a congé, and hope he was entertained. When a coxcomb advances, smirking with a compliment to my eyes, I thank fortune that they afford me a sight of his elegant person, and he retires gratified with himself to give

give way to a third species of men, unknown in any country till a few of them made their appearance in the precincts of St. James's. Such an agreeable rusticity mixed with the gentleman, that it is really the highest character in society.

Sir Charles. Its elegancies are, I acknowledge, a pitch above my comprehension; and I am sorry to see that such are your chief admiration.

Lady N. What, would you have me encourage either of the other two?

Sir Charles. There are some, Lady Narcissa, who come under neither denomination, who are polished gentlemen, men of sound sense and genius, and many of whom I have the honor to rank among my friends.

Lady N. Oh, I can't abide your men of sound sense and genius, they are so precise, so forbidding.—Has your ladyship read the debates of last night? What is your ladyship's opinion of politics? Does your ladyship know that the barometer fell this morning?—No sweet inconfidencies.

Sir Charles. You are resolved not to see the necessity of being guarded in your conduct. But let me advise you not to treat the opinion of men of sense with contempt.

Lady N. La! what an antediluvian doctrine! why there's no gratification upon earth like making the populace stare.

Enter a Servant introducing SPLASHVILLE.

Servant. Mr. Splashville. [Exit.

Lady N. La! Splashville, I'd quite forgot you were to call on me this morning.

Splashville. A place in your ladyship's thoughts is too great

great an honour for me to aspire to. Sir Charles Gaymour, your humble servant!

Sir Charles. Sir, good morning! [*Bows coldly.*]

Splashville. Have you seen Lady Betty? She was damn'd unlucky last night at pharo!

Lady N. Indeed! I wish I had been at the plucking of her.

Sir Charles. I thought she was your ladyship's friend?

Lady N. La! how could you suppose so?

Splashville. You forget, Sir Charles; "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."

Lady N. Oh, you horrid creature!

Splashville. Nay, my dear Lady Narcissa, no one questions which will be the first in eclipse.

Lady N. And pray how long have you been a star gazer?

Splashville. Ever since the thoughts of your ladyship deprived my nights of sleep.

Lady N. Oh, Splashville, I must give you a drive in your curriole.

Sir Charles. I thought your ladyship had resigned the whip.

Lady N. Aye, but you know Lady Betty was driving Ascot the other day in Bond Street.

Splashville. She drove over an old woman, I am told.

Lady N. I was monstrous happy to hear it.

Sir Charles. Good heavens, Narcissa! —

Lady N. Ha, ha, ha! What does the man stare at? You would not have her drive better than me?

Splashville. Her ladyship nobly exerts her philosophy; she forgets what cannot be avoided, and consoles herself that there are enough old women left.

Sir Charles. If feminine feelings are so easily appeased, thank fortune I know so little of them.

Lady N. And of civility too, one would think. I never knew any thing so monstrous.

Splashville. My dear Lady Narcissa, you forget the Baronet is a novice in high life, and has not yet learnt to stifle the sentiments of natural benevolence.

Sir Charles. No, sir, nor of indignation. I am thankful my acquaintance with the world has not taught me the necessity of silencing every natural sensation, nor my knowledge of its vices to compliment depravity.

Lady N. (*attempting to restrain her laughter.*) Ha, ha, ha ! My dear Sir Charles, I beg your pardon ; but indeed you have such monstrous outré notions !

Sir Charles. They cannot be more offensive to your ideas, than your's, madam, are opposite to mine. They have broke those chains which I but too indiscretely suffered you to forge. The resplendence of your beauty, as it attracted the eyes of the world, so it blinded mine. Your unblushing cheek appeared conscious innocence ; your freedoms were juvenile forgetfulness ; but your dissimulation, envy, and inhumanity, cannot be glossed over with any favorable name.

Lady N. (*with assumed indifference.*) Splashville, where shall I drive you ?

Splashville. In your ladyship's company, every direction is equally indifferent.

Sir Charles. Oh, madam, if you can regard my opinion with such studied indifference, I am your humble servant ! By heaven ! I'll marry the first woman I meet, to shew my independence of you ; and if I have not the external allurements of your ladyship, I shall not be a loser in the scale of sensibility.

Lady N. Oh, pray, Sir Charles, don't let me be any tie upon you! Ha, ha!

Sir Charles. None, in the world, madam. I defy your smiles to lure me back again.

Lady N. Poor Sir Charles! What a rage he is in! Really, if you are so ridiculous, Splashville will take you for a fool.

Sir Charles. And might so with justice, should I remain a moment longer under your ladyship's roof. [Exit.

Splashville. (after a pause.) My dear Lady Narcissa, what is the meaning of all this?

Lady N. La! only that man makes himself so excessively ridiculous.

Splashville. May I ask—had Sir Charles any serious ideas of marriage?

Lady N. What a question! You didn't know that, I suppose?

Splashville. Really no.

Lady N. Well, now, that's monstrous odd. I thought every body had known it.

Splashville. I was not totally deaf to the rumor; but as your ladyship commands such universal admiration, I was willing to regard Sir Charles only as one of the myriad, who existed but in your smiles.

Lady N. La! Splashville, how ridiculous. Would you believe—Sir Charles has flown off so I dare say fifty times, for such monstrous trifles! And, indeed, I begin quite to hate the man, he makes himself so ridiculous; but I'm monstrous glad of it: for, you know, if one had the least respect for one's husband, we should be under such monstrous restraint!

Splashville. And Lady Narcissa was formed to fetter others, not to be herself enslaved. Upon my life, I wonder how

how you could ever think of Sir Charles, the disparity of your sentiments is so great.

Lady N. Sir Charles is such a mere worthy character!

Splashville. Whilst Lady Narcissa!!!

Lady N. You know he is a man of property.

Splashville. So I understand.

Lady N. He has more than he knows how to manage.

Splashville. Lady Narcissa will make the person whom she shall honor with her hand his equal.

Lady N. By the bye, that was the prettiest necklace that I pickt up at Gray's—You paid for it, didn't you, Splashville? I suppose you don't want the money?

Enter a Servant, introducing Lord ASCOT and Capt. PUNY.

Servant. Lord Ascot and Captain Puny. [Exit.

Ascot. How d'ye do? How d'ye do? Met your Baronet!

Lady N. Oh, Ascot, what brings you from the races?

Ascot. Your ladyship, against the field. Permit me to introduce my son on entering the Guards. Splashville, you must take him by the hand.

Splashville. I think his lordship said you were in the Guards.

Capt. P. Yes, sir.

[*Ascot and Lady N. talk aside.*

Splashville. May I ask, in what battalion?

Capt. P. What battalion, sir! Oh, sir! if I had got on my regimentals, sir, I could tell you—'tis upon my buttons—but really I forget.

Splashville. Have you joined your company?

Capt. P. No, sir! Yes, sir! I was upon parade this morning! But the wind was so sharp I really could not stay.

Lady N. (*Striking Ascot.*) You are such a being!

Ascot.

Ascot. Indeed, you must not blame me for letting Lady Betty drive me. If your ladyship will honor my cur-ricule, egad you may take me over all the old women we meet.

Lady N. Well, you're a good soul! But you've not told me what sport you had yesterday.

Ascot. Oh, hollow thing! Marchioness of Newmarket's Gallipoli, against the field. Odds seven to four. I let my son lose a few thousands, just to bring him forward in the world.

Lady N. Ha, ha, ha!

Splashville. (*To Lord Ascot.*) The captain is a young man of promise, my lord.

Ascot. Egad, against the field! Kept him under my own eye. I won't let them vitiate his taste with Greek and Latin.

Splashville. He has not been nauseated with much school, I perceive.

Ascot. No, no, I'm obliged to you! If he had, I'd bet odds he were as great a flat as his father. They crammed me with classical nonsense till I had not a single fashionable idea left. But I shook it all off at the university.

Splashville. A sovereign antidote against a redundancy of knowledge.

Lady N. (*To Capt. P.*) You'll find the Guards a pleasant life.

Capt. P. Your ladyship has no idea of the fatigue of it. I have been ten minutes on the parade this morning already, and must be there again in half an hour.

Lady N. La! I'll go with you. I should like it monstrously! Splashville, I vow you shall go.

Splashville. My dear Lady Narcissa, you'll find the crowd very troublesome.

Lady

Lady N. Poh! There's nothing I like so well as elbowing my way through a bustle, 'tis so new!

Ascot. Oh, a bustle, against the field! We'll all go this instant. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the House of MUMMY.

Enter MUMMY and EADBURGA.

Eadburga. I tell you I won't marry him.

Mummy! Oh, what a plague are these modern daughters!

Eadburga. I don't like your filthy antiquated lovers.

Mummy. Oh, you irreverent girl! Filthy, indeed! Dirt is the very soul of antiquity. Did not the immortal Poggio Bracciolini drag to light the precious manuscript of Quintilian from beneath the filth and rubbish of St. Gallo? Oh that I had lived in the fifteenth century; what a glorious grope would I have had for a grain of reputation.

Eadburga. Why, then, you would never have tormented me with this little old doctor.

Mummy. Child, his want of bulk is an ornament. Could your six foot gentlemen explore the recesses of the hypogeum? No! I tell you, Eadburga, his knowledge is stupendous, though his frame is diminutive. The head may be small, but the intellect is great.

Eadburga. I know, if I marry him, I'll break his head, and set a little of the intellect free, that I will.

Mummy. Here, now, appears the utility of the ancient scull-cap. In these days, an enraged woman, willy nilly, may excavate the pericranium, and knock a man's brains about

about his wig with a vulgar modern poker, without prevention. Come here, Eadburga. The claims of Dr. Crypt are as evident as noon-day. Has he not embellished my cabinet with an Otho? Has he not laid out a thousand pounds for me in rusty helmets, mutilated trunks, and broken stain'd glafs? Has he not purchased for me half an acre of barren ground at the junction of the Watling and Icknield Streets? And have we not amicably dug together with our own hands, for two and forty feet, without discovering a tessellated pavement? Has not the Doctor borne the disappointment with almost ancient philosophy? And ———.

Eadburga. I wish the Doctor had dug his own grave, with all my heart!

Mummy. Silence, irreverent girl! And is not the learned Doctor Crypt at this time completing the antiquities of St. Martin Outwich and St. Bennet Shearhog? with a noble and independent spirit studying to elucidate what might for ever remain in obscurity, without any one else concerning himself about it?

Eadburga. Well, then, take a dozen copies. If they'll do for nothing else, you may light fires with them, and that will be better than sacrificing your own daughter.

Mummy. A sacrifice! talk of a sacrifice! A hecatomb could not repay his troubles. Consider how I acted in the election of a spouse, through my veneration for antiquity, and copy me. Did not I marry your mother, without exception, the worst tempered woman since the day's of Job's wife, merely because her name was Fridswid? I see you are convinced—you yield to the power of persuasion—there is the melancholy of conviction contrary to will painted on your features.

Eadburga. I am neither convinced nor painted: only, I
can't

can't help crying to hear you abuse my mother, who was as kind and good a woman as ever lived, only because she would not let you educate me in an old-fashioned manner.

Mummy. Very true! She was not so bad! I've scandalized her memory.

Eadburga. There, now, I see you are coming about. Now you won't make me marry the little doctor—there's a pretty papa. (*patting his cheek.*)

Mummy. Yes, but I will though.

Eadburga. No, but you won't though.

Mummy. I wish there was ever a nunnery to send the girl to! You may whimper; but if you bellow'd like the brazen bull of Perillus, I'd have my way.

Enter a Servant, introducing Sir CHARLES GAYMOUR.

Servant. Sir Charles Gaymour, sir.

Mummy. Sir Charles Gaymour! Oh, I'll come to him directly!

Servant. He is here, sir!

[*Exit.*

Mummy. Ten thousand apologies, Sir Charles, for making you come up stairs.

Sir Charles, (agitated.) I beg you'll not mention it.—Those writings you have been making for me——

Mummy. They are ready for your signature, sir, if you will step into my office!

Sir Charles. No! no, no! 'tis unnecessary!

Mummy. Perhaps, sir, you will do me the honor of looking over my curiosities in the next room whilst I step for the writings. My daughter will conduct you.

Sir Charles. Any thing, any thing! [*Exit Mummy.*

'Sdeath! each glowing vision of felicity, each glorious prospect of connubial love destroyed! When shall I know another moment's peace! Oh, Lady Narcissa! Could I
but

but cure her of that passion for gaming, she were still inestimable! But then, that pride, those freedoms—Confusion! why do I think of one in whom every vice is glaring! But then her beauty! Pshaw! her smiles are arts, and her complexion false.

Eadburga. Shall I attend you to my father's cabinet, sir?

Sir Charles. (*without noticing Eadburga.*) Those who have been the associates of her childhood are the objects of her envy; and those whom she calls her friends are the prey of her dissimulation.

Eadburga. What an odd gentleman he is! When your thoughts can spare you, sir, I am very much at your service.

Sir Charles. Her very ease is constrained, and her natural disposition destroyed by affectation.

Eadburga. Upon my word, a very flattering portrait! Shall I shew you into the next room, sir?

Sir Charles. Madam, I—Heaven's what an angel!—I beg ten thousand pardons! I fear I have been very inattentive. You are the daughter of my friend? I do not recollect ever having had the pleasure of seeing you in company.

Eadburga. I have not the honour of being acquainted in the circles which you frequent.

Sir Charles. Rather say your principles have not been contaminated by their society; that you look with contempt on those circles, where female softness and simplicity yield to the fascinations of play, and aim at notoriety in vice.—I beg your pardon, I am very impertinent, but I am not myself!

Eadburga. I hope, sir, you are not ill.

Sir Charles. By no means. It is my mind is uneasy.

Eadburga. I wish I could do it any good.

Sir

Sir Charles. The wish will do it, if you assure me of its reality.

Eadburga. Indeed I do wish it.

Sir Charles. And would strive to effect it?

Eadburga. Yes, indeed.

Sir Charles. Then, let me express my gratitude—(*kisses her hand*)—may I say, my love?

Eadburga. No, indeed.

Sir Charles. Do not alleviate one pang only to inflict another.

Eadburga. But papa says I must love the little old Doctor, his friend.

Sir Charles. And can you obey him?

Eadburga. No!

Enter MUMMY, with papers.

Mummy. There are the writings, Sir Charles! Very soon had enough of my cabinet, I see. I dare to say, now, you have no taste for antiquity; no gout for all my coins and statues.

Sir Charles. I was, chiefly, taken up in the contemplation of one figure, during your absence, sir.

Mummy. What, my Scipio! Aye, that is a beauty. So elegantly mutilated, there is not a single feature discernible? And how do you like my Hebe? 'tis very like Eadburga.

Sir Charles. A very humble similitude of your daughter!

Mummy. Aye, I suppose you think so. All the young people would rather its eyes should move about and twinkle now, like Eadburga's. But they are very mischievous, very mischievous indeed. Now I think a stone beauty is very preferable; but I can get nobody to agree

c

with

with me but the Doctor. Oh, he shall be my son-in-law; he is a man of taste and erudition!

Sir Charles. (aside.) So, there is my sentence!

Eadburga. I'm sure he shall never be my husband, tho'.

Mummy. Hold your tongue, jade!

Sir Charles. Though your daughter may resemble in form the elegance of your antique marble, fir, yet her mind

Mummy. Pshaw! she is not old enough to know her own mind yet, so I choose to think for her.

Eadburga. But, surely, I may act for myself, tho'!

Sir Charles. You would not compel your daughter—

Mummy. Not if she gives way without compulsion. But, say what she will, I insist upon her marrying my friend, the Doctor.

Sir Charles. (aside.) So, so!—I begin to fear my company is an intrusion; I will therefore wish you a good day, and take the liberty of renewing my visit more opportunely. May I be permitted? (*kisses Eadburga's hand.*)

Mummy. You must call, Sir Charles, and see the rest of my collection.

Sir Charles. I need not that inducement, fir, to revisit you. [*Exit.*]

Mummy. I wish you a good morning. John, open the door of the vestibulum. Stay, sure that's the Doctor's knock! I'll go down and receive him. And mind me, Eadburga, consider the consequence of my resentment, and receive the doctor as becomes the child of Mummyus! [*Exit.*]

Eadburga. I won't receive the Doctor at all, that's what I won't.—I'll run into the streets, and I'll never come back again, and I'll—

[*Runs out.*]

Enter

Enter MUMMY and Dr. CRYPT.

Mummy. (Speaking as he enters backwards.) Doctor, I shall present you with an humble reward for your toils. My daughter is no Aspasia or Portia, but such as she is let me present her to you.—Hey!—Why, Eadburga!—Why she is not here!

Crypt. (inattentive.) It must be as I have said! It must be as I have said! But I can do nothing without proofs.

Mummy. My dear friend, I doubt not the validity of your proofs; but we must send for Eadburga.—*(Calls without.)*—What ho, who waits?—Send Eadburga here?

Crypt. (musing.) 'Tis very odd the funeral is no where registered! If we had the sexton with us now!

Mummy. Poh, poh, poh! If we had the parson with us now, we would get through the ceremony in an instant.—John, why don't you send Eadburga?

Servant, entering. My young lady is not to be found, sir.

Mummy. Not to be found, booby! Doctor, do you sit down, and I'll bring her to you in a minute. *[Exit.*

Crypt. John, just fetch me those folios that lay upon your master's table.—*(Servant goes out, and returns with several volumes.)*—The disposition of the bones of Mrs. Deborah Grub is the greatest difficulty I have had to struggle with in my antiquities of St. Bennet Shearhog. There set them down.—*(Servant goes out; Crypt seats himself, arranges the folios round him, and begins his remarks.)*—The date upon the monument is fifteen hundred and twenty nine! *(turns to another folio.)*

Enter MUMMY.

Mummy. High nor low, no where to be found!

Crypt.

Crypt. We shall gain our point nevertheless.

Mummy. I'm afraid not.

Crypt. If I search every grave in the church-yard, I'll find her.

Mummy. Poh, what are you talking about? Who'd think of looking for her among the tombs.

Crypt. (*meditating.*) My dear friend, don't interrupt me.

Mummy. Not interrupt you! 'Sdeath! why Eadburga is run away. Not interrupt you, indeed!

Crypt. Pshaw! never mind about Eadburga.

Mummy. Hey? Not mind about Eadburga! Why don't you come here to marry her?

Crypt. Oh, that I could get rid of this Mrs. Deborah Grub! this Mrs. Deborah Grub!

Mummy. Hey-day, what is this I hear? I never thought of any prior attachment.

Crypt. (*inattentive.*) Pray don't torture me.

Mummy. Do you mean to insult me?

Crypt. I shall never get over this impediment!

Mummy. (*enraged.*) What you won't marry Eadburga!

Crypt. I have committed myself sadly here!

Mummy. What you! Oh, how I have been deceived! I thought you immaculate.

Crypt. (*turning over the leaves, and muttering.*) Mrs. Deborah Grub! Mrs. Deborah Grub!

Mummy. I had no idea of any flaw when we entered upon this matter.

Crypt. Oh, I should have gone on very well, but for this Mrs. Deborah Grub!

Mummy. What was she a woman of bad character?

Crypt. (*still turning over the leaves.*) Unexceptionable!

Mummy. What? Unexceptionable!

Crypt.

Crypt. (*Starting up.*) Now, by the life of Leland and the death of Dugdale, this is too much! That Mrs. Deborah Grub, who has not been buried three hundred years——.

Mummy. Buried three hundred years!

Crypt. That Mrs. Deborah Grub should give me more trouble than any corpse in my antiquarian survey!

Mummy. My good friend, I am so glad the matter is explained——.

Crypt. I wish it was explained. But just come and help me to look for the old woman!

Mummy. What are you thinking about? Just come and help me to look for the young woman. This Mrs. Deborah Grub has quite put the wedding out of your head.— But we must not forget Eadburga! Oh, these modern daughters are the greatest plagues upon earth! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of Mr. MUMMY.**Enter EADBURGA, followed by Lord ASCOT.*

EADBURGA.

How tiresome that man is.—I wish you would not stare at me, fir.

Ascot. Really, my dear! That's wonderful.*Eadburga.* I'm sure you are old enough to know better.*Ascot.* Why that's true. I have seen just enough of the world to know that no pretty woman is angry at being stared at.*Eadburga.* Yes, but I am angry tho': and I desire that you will not follow me any longer.*Ascot.* Upon my life, but you must let me see you home.*Eadburga.* Why what does it signify where I live?*Ascot.* Oh, against the field! Must attend you, must indeed.—*(Takes her arm.)**Eadburga.* Leave me go, fir, leave me go.—*(Releases herself, and strikes him.)**Ascot.* Damme, what a knack at kicking the jade has got. Nay, my love, I must have my revenge.—*(Attempts to kiss her.)**Enter Sir CHARLES GAYMOUR.**Eadburga.* Don't be so impertinent.—*(Struggling.)**Sir Charles.* Lord Ascot! 'Sdeath! my lord, can you not suffer a lady to stir from her door, without experiencing your
your

your effrontery?—(*Releases Eadburga.*)—My sweetest girl, you are agitated. May I attend you home?

Eadburga. I—I—I must not go home, sir!

Sir Charles. Must not! I should be sorry to be thought impertinent; but you must not walk unattended.

Ascot. Baronet, I congratulate you on your protégée.

Sir Charles. I am proud, my lord, to protect any lady, and am only grieved that they should need protection from one of your lordship's rank in society.

Eadburga. (*Aside.*) What shall I do?

Sir Charles. You will not, surely, deny me the pleasure of serving you?

Eadburga. I give you a great deal of trouble, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Will you permit me?—(*Takes her hand, knocks, and exeunt.*)

Ascot. (*mansens.*) A dev'lish cool hand! Did not think the Baronet had half so much blood in him—We shall have him a gentleman soon—One of us.

Enter MUMMY and Dr. CRYPT.

Crypt. Never mind, my good friend, it is of no consequence.

Mummy. No consequence, Doctor! I take it very ill of you, that you feel so little for my poor girl.

Ascot. What a couple of quizzes.

Mummy. But no! I beg your pardon, 'tis the force of your philosophy that supports you under affliction.—Alack-a-day, I have not strength of mind like you to remain unshaken amidst the distresses of my friends.

Crypt. Don't concern yourself, my dear Mr. Mummy, I don't doubt but she will return soon enough: in the mean time step with me to the sexton of St. Bennet.

Mummy.

Mummy. Ah, Doctor, 'tis very kind of you to exert yourself so much for me—I take it very kind of you! But I don't know how it is, in spite of this girl's disrespect for the mysterious sublimity of antiquity, I can't help feeling for her. I know 'tis very weak; but, alack-a-day, I have not your philosophy!—(*Seeing Ascot.*)—Pray, sir, have you seen my daughter?

Ascot. Ha, ha, ha! Your daughter, my old buck?

Mummy. Yes, sir: poor girl, she is gone away, and I can get no account of her.

Ascot. And so, old gentleman, you have lost your daughter!

Mummy. Yes, sir, I have.

Ascot. Pray is she handsome?

Mummy. Ye—yes, sir.

Ascot. Against the field, hey?

Mummy. Sir!—She is vastly like a statue of Hebe I have in my museum.—Good sir, can you give me any account of her?

Ascot. 'Pon honor, old gentleman, I am no connoisseur in statuary. A piece of blood, against the field!

Mummy. And you have not seen her? Oh, I shall be a miserable old man—Who knows what will become of her!

Ascot. I shall take very good care of her if she comes in my way, you may depend on't, old gentleman.

Mummy. Will you, sir, will you? Oh, I shall be eternally indebted to you!

Ascot. Yes, I will, upon my life! Nay, old gentleman, none of your gratitude, I don't deserve it, don't indeed.

Mummy. Oh, let me thank you for your intentions!

Ascot. Indeed you have no idea of them—(*aside*)—at least, I hope not.

Mummy.

Mummy. They will ever demand my praise.

Ascot. Praise, against the field, at certain times, old gentleman! At present you don't know any thing of the course. I should like to jockey the old fellow of his daughter confoundedly! What an inexorable quiz it is.—(*Aside.*)

[*Retires.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES GAYMOUR.

Mummy. Ah! well, Doctor, I fear our search will prove fruitless.—Poor girl, where can she have buried herself!

Crypt. Ah! true enough, my good friend, we shall never discover where the old woman was deposited.

Mummy. Pshaw! can you think of nothing but Mrs. Deborah Grub?—(*Seeing Sir Charles.*)—Sir Charles Gaymour! Pray, sir, can you give me any information of my daughter?

Sir Charles. I am happy, sir, in being able to give you any intelligence.

Mummy. Sir, you bind me to you for ever! Is my poor girl safe?

Sir Charles. Perfectly so.

Mummy. Oh, I am so overjoyed! Poor girl! I'll punish her for it, a slut! Perfectly safe, you say?

Sir Charles. Undoubtedly.

Mummy. Oh, she shall live upon bread and water for the next week! Poor girl, where is she?

Sir Charles. I have this moment had the honor of conducting her home!

Mummy. What, is she within? Oh, I'll lock her up for the next six months! Come, Doctor, we have found her.

Crypt. Where, where is she?

Mummy. Within. Come along.

D

Crypt.

Crypt. Within! What Deborah Grub?

Mummy. Pish, Doctor!

Sir Charles. (*Aside.*) By Eadburga's description, this should be the intended bridegroom.

Mummy. When, fir, will you do me the honor of your company?

Sir Charles. I shall take the first opportunity of waiting on you. [Exeunt.]

Manet Sir CHARLES, enter SPLASHVILLE.

Splashville. Ah, Sir Charles, whither so fast?

Sir Charles. Splashville! My dear fellow, had I met you this morning, I should have desired your company to Hyde Park, but at present I am most happy to see you. I am afraid my behaviour at Lady Narcissa's must have militated somewhat against your ideas of civility.

Splashville. By no means. But what is the cause of your present hilarity?

Sir Charles. Oh, congratulate me. I am cheered with the sweetest prospect that ever attracted the eyes of man.

Splashville. Will you never descend to plain sense? Why, Gaymour, you are ever in extremes; this moment, soaring to the clouds; the next, humbled with the very dust.—But pray expound?

Sir Charles. Oh, such a seraph! such expression of countenance! such symmetry of form! such native ease!—

Splashville. That, to continue your own strain, you are on the tiptoe of expectation, and already, in idea, behold this smiling fair one thine. But what abominable witcheries can this girl have practised on you, Gaymour, that you are blind to her arts?

Sir Charles. Her arts! 'Sdeath! Splashville, are you serious?

Splashville.

Splashville. Undoubtedly.

Sir Charles. Every action is dictated by the purest simplicity. Her arts! Good heaven's! whose character will the breath of calumny next taint?

Splashville. Why, my dear Sir Charles, unless you throw off the chains of this fascinating woman, you will not yourself escape censure. Indeed she is not deserving of you.

Sir Charles. Sir, she's an angel!

Splashville. An high character undoubtedly!

Sir Charles. I cannot but regard this as a premeditated affront, sir, and must not suffer it to end here!

Splashville. Upon my life, Gaymour, she is not worth fighting about.

Sir Charles. Peace, sir! I am not to be duped by your contemptible evasions—I shall hear further from you, if you have any aversion to the imputation of cowardice!

Splashville. Stay, sir!—Your language is rather harsh, Sir Charles, and I might be perhaps censured for holding any further conversation with you; but an affair like the present should not be entered upon in haste. What I have advanced of Lady Narcissa is the result——

Sir Charles. Of Lady Narcissa! My dear Splashville forgive me! We have misunderstood each other most ridiculously. Lady Narcissa! No; I have defied her allurements; her studied smiles, her assumed ease, have lost their attraction!

Splashville. Again in heroics! My dear Sir Charles, we shall come to a second misunderstanding, if you will not descend from your sublimities. Pray explain yourself?

Sir Charles. I will.—Disgusted with the behaviour of Lady Narcissa, I would almost have married the first woman I met: but kind fortune gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a most lovely girl, and, by a timely

timely rescue from the impertinences of Lord Ascot, of gaining an interest in her heart. I have this moment left her, and, if fortune continues my friend, she shall be mine.

Splashville. And pray, who is this lady?

Sir Charles. Her father is a man of respectability in the law, but with so many eccentricities, that it will be an Herculean labor to overcome them all.

Splashville. I suppose the person with whom I found you?

Sir Charles. The same.—He is bigoted to antiquarianism, and designs the hand of my sweet girl for a brother of the art. Assist me, *Splashville*, what course must I take to obtain his sanction?

Splashville. Nothing more easy; pretend to the character of a connoisseur in antiquity.

Sir Charles. Alas! there I shall betray myself. I am as ignorant of antiquity as of Gentoo; and, mistaking a Tuscan vase for a Wedgewood cream jug, shall be kicked out of the house as an impostor.

Splashville. Oh, never fear! The language of antiquarians is not the study of half an hour. Skim over a few technical phrases, and you are secure from discovery. The expansion of soul caused by the contemplation of those sacred spots which our great ancestors once trod. The enthusiasm felt amid the ivy-mantled turrets, the pitiable relics of Gothic magnificence. The immortal chisel of Praxiteles. Oh, you may run on for ever.

Sir Charles. If this assumed character is to be my utmost, alas! my hopes depend upon a slender thread!

Splashville. Have you no curiosity, no antique to humor his taste with?

Sir Charles. Alas! none.

Splashville.

Splashville. But, now I recollect myself, I can supply you with a coin, which is very much at the old gentleman's service: so step with me.

Sir Charles. I am loth to deprive you of any thing of such value.

Splashville. A thing of inconceivable value, you should say; for, upon my life, I know of none it has, till you make use of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Toilet of Lady NARCISSA, as before.

Enter Lady NARCISSA.

Lady N. What shall I do? Inevitably ruin'd, pluck'd to the last feather, and not a soul would lend me a guinea!—(Calls without.)—Has Sir Charles Gaymour been here?

Prinkum, (entering.) No, madam.

Lady N. I have a great mind to let him send me a few hundreds! Do you think it would be giving the man too much encouragement, Prinkum?

Prinkum. Why no, I don't think Sir Charles will trouble your ladyship with more of his company on that account.

Lady N. Yes, as you say, then I shall have it off my hands. Have you made me look well to-day, Prinkum?

Prinkum. O yes, ma'am!

Lady N. Have I put the blush on naturally?

Prinkum. A person who did not know you would think you really blush'd.—Has your ladyship seen those little bits of paper?

Lady N. What, the man's accounts? Oh, tell him to keep them for Sir Charles.

[Exit Prinkum.]

Enter

Enter a Servant, introducing Lord Ascot.

Servant. Lord Ascot.

[Exit.

Ascot. How d'ye do, how d'ye do! "Can't live out of your ladyship's sight—Distanced the Baronet—Sir Charles got the wrong side the post!"

Lady N. Have you seen Sir Charles?

Ascot. Yes. Between you and I that's what brought me here. But your ladyship is low.

Lady N. La! No!—I low.

Ascot. Yes, you are very low. But it becomes you, against the field!

Lady N. Low! What do you mean? Ha, ha, ha!—*(Affecting.)*

Ascot. What do I mean? Low! Every body knows what low means.—You are damn'd low!—What's the matter?—D'ye know what a slippery trick fortune's play'd you?—High joke, against the field!

Lady N. Indeed I don't think it such a joke.

Ascot. What I need not tell you, then, hey! But, however, 'tis of no consequence. The Baronet is a great fool! No loss in the end!

Lady N. Why, yes, I think Sir Charles is a sure card!

Ascot. Umph? Don't understand you.

Lady N. Why Sir Charles will let me have the cash directly.

Ascot. Cash! Don't take you.

Lady N. Why I thought you knew I had lost every thing at the pharo table.

Ascot. Never heard a syllable!

Lady N. Every thing! But it will be no loss in the end, as you say. Sir Charles is a monstrous fool, and will let me have any thing.

Ascot

Ascot. Umph!

Lady N. I have a few debts I shall pay as soon as I am married! I owe you a trifle, I believe, *Ascot.*

Ascot. A mere trifle!

Lady N. Only the bays, I believe, and my coach!—I think, *Ascot*, Sir Charles shall let me have his estate in Dorsetshire for my card purse.—You know I can wind him round my finger.

Ascot. Glad to hear it, against the field! Was afraid the Baronet began to hang back.

Lady N. Phaw! you can't mean it?

Ascot. Why I began to think the Baronet slackened.

Lady N. Impossible!

Ascot. Only saw him with nice girl enough, and understand from Splashville the Baronet's smitten.

Lady N. What?—(*A pause.*)—You saw Sir Charles, you say!—(*Agitated.*)

Ascot. The Baronet walked home with the lady.

[*Whistles.*

Lady N. Is she handsome?

Ascot. Against the field!

Lady N. And Splashville ———

Ascot. Had it from the Baronet himself.

Lady N. I'll go to him this instant! A perfidious ———

Ascot. Your ladyship need but to be seen, and, damme! you'll walk over the course.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the House of Mr. MUMMY, as before.

Enter MUMMY, Dr. CRYPT, and EADBURGA.

Mummy. You minx you, don't talk to me. I've been in such a taking on your account, if you'd stol'n my Otho, I could not have felt much more. Run away, forsooth! Run away from such an offer as my learned friend has made! Girl, you must not be too difficult, husbands are not to be picked up every day.

Eadburga. Not such husbands as the Doctor, I believe.

Mummy. No, forsooth, he is not like the headstrong unlearned bridegrooms of the present day, toying with every woman he meets! No——.

Crypt. (*meditating.*) Deborah Grub! Umph!

Mummy. His offer is to be received as an honor. Thirty years since he refused the hand of the dowager Lady Scraggs, and was in great request from the whole sex; and now that to my friendship are added his experience and antiquarian knowledge, is he to meet the contempt of such modern trumpery as you. Here, Doctor, take her to task.

Eadburga. I don't choose to hear any thing about it.

Mummy. I should not have thought it: so, Doctor, proceed.

Crypt. In compliance with the desire of my good friend, tho' I have not yet arranged my ideas upon the subject, I shall take the liberty of giving you what I have already collected.—Mrs. Deborah Grub was born——.

Mummy. D'life! Doctor, what's that to the purpose? I did not ask you to read her a lecture upon antiquity, but upon matrimony.—What objections can the girl have to marriage? Speak, Eadburga.

Eadburga.

Eadburga. I have no objection to be married.

Mummy. No objection! Then why do you persist in your refusal? I see how it is—you want to make me miserable—you are obstinate only to torment me. You would not object to the Doctor, but for my desiring you to respect him.

Eadburga. I never will marry him, and that is enough.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Servant, introducing Sir CHARLES GAYMOUR.

Servant. Sir Charles Gaymour.

[*Exit.*

Mummy. Oh, sir, your very humble servant. I hope my daughter expressed herself truly grateful for your protection.

Sir Charles. Your daughter, sir, has more than repaid my trifling service. She is a lady of whom you must be proud to be a father.

Mummy. No, the jade, there is no managing her! But you must have another look at my cabinet, for I am sure you have a taste for antiquity.

Sir Charles. My study of that science has, indeed, sir, been very limited. I have made an excursion to Rome, but have not been enabled to put my plan into execution for a trip to Egypt.

Mummy. What, you have visited Italy; taken measurements of the Barbarini goat and Tuscan boar, eh? Oh, how I envy you!

Sir Charles. Why, undoubtedly, sir, the contemplation of that classic spot is enviable. When I have cast my eyes around, and seen those pitiable relics of Augustan magnificence, I have heaved many a sigh!

Mummy. I dare say. Oh, how I pant for a little of your melancholy!

E

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Melancholy, fir! It has been with a degree of exultation, that I, that so humble an individual as myself, have trampled upon the ruins of the once mistress of the world!

Mummy. Ah! melancholy exultation. Sir, I applaud your feelings.

Sir Charles. I wish they were more common. But I am sorry to find so few who possess a due taste for virtù. If it is not impertinent, fir,—I think you said you was unhappy in your daughter.

Mummy. She is the plague of my life, fir.—I can dream of nothing else; her perverseness is ever haunting my thoughts. But, if you please, we will think no more of it.

Sir Charles. (*Pointing to Crypt, who has stood in a posture of contemplation for some time.*) Pray, fir, what may that statue be supposed to represent?

Mummy. Oh, bless me! Why that, fir, is a very good friend of mine. Doctor, permit me to introduce this gentleman to you.—(*Crypt appears inattentive.*)—I say, Doctor, I have at length discovered what we have so long sought for in vain.

Crypt. (*eagerly.*) Have you, have you?

Mummy. A friend, Doctor, who has a just veneration for the sublimity of antiquarianism.

Crypt. (*To Sir Charles.*) Well, fir; and so you have discovered what I have so long sought for! And pray, fir, where was the old lady deposited?

Sir Charles. Sir!

Crypt. Where? where? Oh, fir, I am infinitely indebted ———.

Sir Charles. Really, fir, I don't understand your question.

Crypt. Why Deborah Grub, Deborah Grub, you know, where have you found her?

Sir

Sir Charles. Sir, I am quite ignorant of the lady.

Crypt. What? Why, Mr. Mummy, didn't I understand you ———.

Mummy. No, nor ever will, you have so much of the old woman in you.

Sir Charles. To such a cabinet as yours, sir, it would be hardly an acquisition, or I have an antique coin which is esteemed of value, that I should be happy to place in it.—(*Produces a coin.*)

Mummy. As I live, a Caligula! Oh, sir, an invaluable relic!

Sir Charles. You will honor me in your acceptance of it.

Mummy. Sir, I am ever yours. As I live, a genuine Roman emperor! The inscription so evidently obliterated by the hand of time! Sir, it is an invaluable present. My dear Doctor, look at it. It completes my set.

Crypt. Yes, indeed, it is a very fine coin of—Deborah—umph——.

Sir Charles. I should be sorry, sir, to recal an unpleasant subject to your remembrance—But, your daughter, sir! How can she have merited your displeasure?

Mummy. Why, sir, I have proved myself a provident father, and selected for her a husband, of whom she has the insolence to disapprove.

Sir Charles. 'Tis singular, sir; but if love ———.

Mummy. Pish! Love! All nonsense! Young people run into it with one another. You never hear of a person that has had any experience talking of love.

Sir Charles. Nay, sir, I thought you were too great a friend to the ancients to dispute his authority. You see him in their gems, breaking the thunder of Jupiter, and changing the nature of the savage beasts.

Mummy. Why so you do, very true! I never thought of that.

that. But, Doctor, let me have t'other look at the little emperor.—Where have you put it?

Crypt. What?

Mummy. Let me have another look at my Caligula?

Crypt. You—have it.

Mummy. No, sure?—(*Feeling.*)—You never gave it me.

Crypt. (*As if meditating.*) Don't disturb me just now.

Mummy. Not disturb ———! Why, Doctor, you hav'n't swallowed it?

Crypt. My good friend, how could you think of such a thing?

Sir Charles. (*Aside.*) Is it so, Doctor? 'Tis melancholy, sir, that men of discernment and taste should ever descend to such meannesses as you allude to; not that the idea needs facts to support it. When no other method offers of purloining any thing of value, the virtuoso scruples not to embrace those means of enlarging his collection.

Mummy. Why, truly, Sir Charles, that argument comes home.—'Tis one of the Doctor's failings, which practice has wrought into a habit.

Sir Charles. But there are means used for the security of such curiosities, which I have practised. None, now, but a mere madman, would think of swallowing that coin—for—I have kept it, sir, in arsenic.

Crypt. Arsenic!—Oh!—(*Trembling.*)

Sir Charles. Why, Doctor, you look pale; are you unwell?

Mummy. Oh, he has certainly swallowed it! Why, Doctor, how could you think of serving me so?

Crypt. Oh, I'm a dead man!—(*Seats himself.*)

Mummy. Why, you rascal you, what could tempt you to swallow my Caligula?

Crypt.

Crypt. Oh, forgive me: it came so natural to me, I could not help it.—Oh, send for a physician!

Sir Charles. 'Tis to no purpose, Doctor; you had better collect yourself, and prepare to meet your fate with resignation.

Mummy. Why, you old knave, ayn't you ashamed of yourself for treating me so? If it had been any one else, it would have been excusable.

Sir Charles. Don't disturb his last moments, Mr. Mummy: he will be gone in half an hour, and then you may cut it out of him.

Crypt. I'm all in a cold sweat! Oh!—

Mummy. I that have always been your friend; patronized you; and was going to marry you to my daughter——

Crypt. Oh, it is penetrating my whole frame! My heart beats furiously!

Enter EADBURGA.

Eadburga. What's the matter with the Doctor?

Mummy. Why, he thought fit to make a bon-bouche of a Cæsar.

Eadburga. But is he ill?

Crypt. Oh, the poison, the poison!

Eadburga. Poison!

Sir Charles. (*Aside to Eadburga.*) Do not you be disturbed, my angel; he is in no danger. I have but wished to punish him for his ingratitude, and his own terror aids the deception.

Eadburga. (*Aside.*) I long to plague the little Doctor vastly.

Crypt. Oh, that I should not live to finish my researches!

Eadburga. Poor Doctor.—(*Pinches him.*)

Crypt.

Crypt. Oh! there's a twinge.

Eadburga. It is not too late to give you a mark of my affection.—(*Pinches again.*)

Crypt. Oh! there is another.

Mummy. Come away, Eadburga; don't talk about affection to him. I'm very glad you are not married to him. A dog, to make no bones of a Roman emperor!

Eadburga. Have you any feeling for the poor Doctor?

Mummy. No, not a grain!—(*To Crypt.*)—What ayn't you dead yet? Oh, I shall never get my Caligula again!

Crypt. Is there no way of saving my life? Oh, the arsenic!

Mummy. Save your life, indeed! I shou'dn't have thought it.

Sir Charles. I think by this time you have suffered nearly enough to cure you of this itch for pilfering; to relieve you, therefore, from your suspense——.

Mummy. Aye, put him out of his misery.

Sir Charles. You need be in no fear!

Crypt. What, have not I swallowed arsenic?

Mummy. What, you won't die!—But get out of my house; and, if you ever come into it again, I'll hang you for a thief!

Crypt. Oh, Deborah Grub, Deborah Grub, hail I confined myself to thee, this had never happened! [*Exit.*]

Sir Charles. Pardon me, sir, if I recal you from the recollection of an unworthy friend to a more gratifying object—your daughter. Her beauty and simplicity have fascinated me so much, that, since you have declared your disapprobation of the Doctor, I presume to offer myself as your son-in-law.

Mummy. Why, sir, the writings I have been drawing up for you——.

Sir

Sir Charles. Are here! And you will oblige me by filling up the blanks with the name of your daughter.

Mummy. Sir, you do me infinite honor, and I accept your offer. [Retires.]

Enter Lady NARCISSA and Lord ASCOT.

Lady N. My dear Sir Charles! My life! My husband!

Eadburga. What?

Ascot. How d'ye do, my dear! How d'ye do, old acquaintance! How d'ye do, Baronet?

Sir Charles. (To *Lady N.*) Is your business with me, madam?

Lady N. La, Sir Charles, how ridiculous!—(*Mummy comes forward.*)—Oh, this man is Sir Charles's lawyer; I recollect seeing the being before. Pray, Mr. Lawyer, have you made out the writings as you was ordered?

Mummy. (To *Sir Charles.*) The blanks are filled up as you desired, sir.

Lady N. Oh, then I am come just in time. There, Sir Charles, you may as well sign your name!

Ascot. If you want a witness, I'll make my mark.

Sir Charles. (having written.) Mr. Mummy, you have made every thing perfectly perspicuous?

Lady N. You have not omitted any thing?

Mummy. I believe it will be found quite right.

Sir Charles. (To *Eadburga*, who stands rather behind *Lady N.*) Accept it, then, and assured of my affection ———

Lady N. La, never mind about that!—*Lady N.* holds out her hand, *Sir Charles* gives it to *Eadburga.*)—What!—Why!—Sir Charles, do you mean!—I never knew any thing so ridiculous. Mr. Lawyer, pray—Your lordship—Sir Charles, do you mean to reject me for a girl nobody knows?

Sir

Sir Charles. She is better unknown, madam, than degraded by celebrity. I am, perchance, honored with this visit in the hope of being again ensnared. But, go your ways; play off each studied air to dupe some other, who, charmed with the resplendence of your form, shall think he loves you.

Ascot. Why, the knowing ones are taken in? Name unknown against the field!

Lady N. Did you ever know such a monstrous fool as Sir Charles?

Ascot. Can't your ladyship wind the Baronet round your finger?

Lady N. La! he's not worth one's pains.

Sir Charles. I'd recommend you to play off your artillery of fascinations upon his lordship: he is not yet grown callous to the charms of beauty.

Ascot. Thank ye, Baronet, against the field! But I have not an estate in Dorsetshire for her ladyship's card purse.

Lady N. I'm sure—the honor—of your lordship's connections—would compensate——

Ascot. Your ladyship is very condescending: but, hope you have not set your heart upon me, for I never take any one without a character.

Lady N. What do you mean, my lord? You are very ridiculous too.

Ascot. Only, you know, your ladyship lost every thing at the pharo table! Farewel, Baronet! Congratulate you! Against the field! [Exit.

Enter SPLASHVILLE.

Splashville. Sir Charles, I congratulate you! Lady Narcissa here!—(Aside to Lady N.) I left some gentlemen inquiring for your ladyship, at your house.

Lady

Lady N. Who, in the name of wonder?

Splashville. I have not the honor of their acquaintance myself, but I have seen several people of fashion in their company. I fancy they are—bailiffs.

Lady N. Bailiffs!—Oh, Mr. Splashville, will you stand my friend?—What shall I do!—I am sure if you would marry me——.

Splashville. That would be rather a tax upon my friendship.

Lady N. If you won't marry me, lend me a thousand! five hundred! one hundred! fifty pounds! dear Splashville?

Splashville. There are really many claims on my cash prior to the pharo table.

Lady N. La, how ridiculous! And you, Sir Charles, will be ashamed to appear in the world soon, if you marry such a creature as this! I never knew any thing so monstrous!

Sir Charles. If, till I am ashamed of my election, I escape the censure of the world, I am secure. But, alas! its derision is, too frequently, the attendant of virtue, and it smiles the crown of presumption.

Urg'd by which sentiment, ourselves, I fear,
Presume to ask your ill-earn'd plaudits here.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

My friend!—What shall I do!—I am sure if you would
 let Mr. Barker!—Oh, Mr. Spaulding, will you stand
 my friend!—I thank they are—bailiffs.

[illegible]

"And you, Sir Charles,
 will be ashamed to appear in the world soon, if you marry
 such a creature as that! I never knew any thing so
 monstrous!"

I remain to ask your ill-wishers here.
 I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 J. H.